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The Witch Remembers Her Last Incarnation

Anon

I Remember, O Fire,
How thy flames once' enkindled my flesh,
Among writing Witches caught close in the flame,
Now tortured for having beheld what secret.

But to those who saw What We Had Seen
Yea, The Fire Was Vaught.

Ah, well I Remember the buildings ablaze
With the light that our bodies had lit.
And we smiled, to behold the flames wind about us.

The faithful, among the faithless and blind
To the chanting of prayers
In the frenzy of flame
We sang Hosannas to Thee, Our Gods,
Midst the strength giving fire,
Pledged our Love to Thee from the Pyre.

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Quote of the moment:

Sex is not the answer; Sex is the question. "Yes" is the answer.

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